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The New Irish Girl

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The New Irish Girl,

Pitts, Printer, Wholers's Toy and Marble Warehouse 6,
Great st. Andrew street 7 dials

AS I walked out morning down by a river's side,
And grazing all around me an Irish girl I spied,
So red and rosy was her cheek and cold black was her
hair.

How costly were the robes of gold this Irish girl did wear

Her shoes were of the Spanish black bespangled with dew
She washing her hands tearing her hair crying alas what shall
I do,

I am going home I am going home I am going home says
she

Why would you go a roving for my true love says she

The very last time I saw my love oh he was very bad,
The only request he asked of me was to tie his head
There is many a man that is worse than him perhaps he
might mend again,

O Love it is a killing thing did you ever feel the pain

I wish my love was a red rose that in the garden grows,
And I to be the gardener of her I would take care,
There is not a month throughout the year but her I would
renew

With lillies I would garnish her sweet Williams Thyme
and rue,

I wish I was a butterfly I would fly to my love's breast
I wish I was a linnet I would sing my love to rest
I wish I was a nightingale I would sing till the morning
clear
I would sit and sing for my true love whom once I loved
so dear

I wish I was in Dublin town a sitting on the grass;
With a bottle of whiskey in my hand and on my knee a
lass,

We'd call for Liquors merrily and pay before we go,
I will fold them in my arms let the winds blow high or low